ON THE

Duke of *MARLBOROUGH.*

A

POEM.

By CHARLES DIVE, *Gent.*

——— *Extinctus amabitur Idem.*

AS late I walk'd beſide that Silver Spring,
Where oft I've heard the Siſter *Muſes* ſing,
While all the Nymphs and Fairies mov'd their Feet
To the ſoft Meaſures of their Muſic Sweet;
So *Woe be gone*, the Mirthleſs Dames I found;
All Nature ſeem'd to ſympathize around;
To Notes ſo *Joyleſs* each *attun'd* her Voice,
The *Plaintive* Stream roll'd down with *Troublous* Noiſe:
Such moving Sounds ne'er *thrill'd* a Mortal's Ears,
Since their own SPENCER ſung their *Hapleſs* Tears.
As VENUS, ſprung of no Terreſtial Seed,
When ſhe beheld her Lov'd ADONIS bleed,
The Purple Flood recalling to her Mind,
The Thouſand Pleaſures ſhe no more muſt find,
With *Ruthful Dole* bewail'd her *Lifeleſs* Joy,
Then curs'd the Hated *Boar*, and hugg'd the *Boy*.
So mourn'd this *Sacred Brood* of Heav'nly JOVE,
Such was their Sorrow, and no leſs their Love:

MARL-

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MARLBRO' the Lov'd ADONIS of the Throng,
Eſſence of Fame, and Ornament of Song,
Who *erſt* their Panting *Steed* ſo oft employ'd,
Seizing the WOLF was by the BOAR deſtroy'd.
Hence ſprings their Grief, hence flows this *baleful* Stream,
Conqueſts no more ſhall be the Joyful Theme.
Empires redeem'd, and Tyrants brought to Shame,
No more ſhall burſt the Golden Trump of Fame:
The Beardleſs God may break his uſeleſs Lyre,
Great Deeds no more ſhall Sounding Verſe inſpire,
And thou Majeſtic *Pile!* Preſerve thy Spoils,
The Nobleſt Record of all Manly Toils;
For ISTER's Wave no more ſhall *Crimſon* flow,
Nor ſhall thy Walls another BLENHEIM ſhow.

FINIS.

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